



WEIRD! FANTASTIC! ASTOUNDING!

# BAFFLING

10¢

MYSTERIES

JAN. 1955



# CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA CHEWING GUM! REDUCE

Up to **5 lbs.** a Week With Dr. Phillips Plan

Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends — without starving — without missing a single meal! Here for you NOW — a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish — or YOU PAY NOTHING! No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow — simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new modern way to reduce — to acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an improved slimmer, exciting, more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexital, REDUCES appetite and is sugar free. Hexital is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

**\$1**

12  
DAY  
SUPPLY  
ONLY

## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! 10 DAY FREE TRIAL!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have lost weight and look slimmer you pay nothing.

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., Dept. CH-635 318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check NAME  
or moneyorder. You will receive a 12 day supply CITY  
of KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM (Improved Formula), ADDRESS  
and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan postage prepaid.

STATE

☐ Send me Special 24 day supply and FREE 12 day package for \$2.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

## SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

# The SACRED FINGERS of Princess Thais

BEFORE HIS WELL-ORDERED LIFE WAS WRECKED, HORTON CROSS PRIDED HIMSELF ON HIS PUNCTUALITY. ONE DAY, IN THAT QUIET PERIOD, HE WAS JUST CLOSING HIS SHOP WHEN

SEE HERE, I'M CLOSING SHOP NOW! I CAN'T DO ANYMORE BUSINESS! TOMORROW, PERHAPS, YOU'LL—

IT CAN'T BE! MR. CROSS? I'M BURNING WITH CURIOSITY! I MUST FIND OUT HOW VALUABLE THIS OBJECT IS!



THE MAN'S EAGERNESS AROUSE HORTON'S CURIOSITY

I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE!

WHY, NO! I'VE TOO MANY THINGS HERE. LET ME SEE IT CLOSE UP! I'LL GET MY GLASSES!



IT HAD BEEN WRITTEN THAT THE SLAVE OF THE PRINCESS MUST PERISH AFTER HE HAS DECEIVED HER!

PRINCESS THAIS, I SEE YOU, LET ME GO! I HAVE BROUGHT BACK EVERY PIECE OF YOUR TREASURE!



HORTON CROSS WAS A BOND STREET JEWELER WHO DEALT IN PRECIOUS STONES AND PRICELESS DOODLES. HE WAS HEALTHY, RESPECTABLE AND ELL. SUDDENLY HIS HUMDRUM LIFE EXPLODED, WHEN A PIECE OF JADE FELL INTO HIS HANDS. IT MARKED THE BEGINNING OF A FANTASTIC JOURNEY, A ROAD QUEST FOR A VOICE OF EXOTIC BEAUTY, WHICH WOULD TAKE HIM HALFWAY AROUND THE GLOBE, TO FIND THE SACRED FINGERS OF PRINCESS THAIS

**BENEATH THE POWERFUL LENS OF HIS MAGNIFYING GLASS**

MOST CURIOUS THING I'VE EVER SEEN, SHAPED LIKE A REAL FINGER . . . PART OF A NECKLACE COUNTLESS! JADE ISN'T TOO VALUABLE, BUT A THING LIKE THIS . . . CERTAINLY A COLLECTOR'S ITEM! GIVE ME A DAY TO STUDY IT!

THEN IT IS VALUABLE! I'LL LEAVE IT WITH YOU, BUT YOU MUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT!



**MOMENTS AFTER THE STRANGER HAD LEFT THE SHOP**

WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME WAS THAT?

**AAARREEE!**

**WHAT HENTON SAW WAS ENOUGH TO SHRIEK ANYONE'S BLOOD . . .**

**HE RACED OUT OF THE SHOP, BUT HALTED IN HIS TRACKS A FEW FEET FROM THE DOOR . . .**

WHAT THE . . . ? IT—IT CAN'T BE! I JUST SPOKE TO HIM HALF A MINUTE AGO AND NOW HE'S DEAD!



**AND RISING ABOVE THE CORSE IN A Wraith-LIKE COLUMN OF SMOKE**

**AS HE BACKED AWAY IN FEAR**

AND THE MURDERER DISAPPEARED, VANISHED INTO THIN AIR . . . LIKE THIS—THIS PERFUMED CLOUD MOVING OVERHEAD! I MUST BE GOING OUT OF MY MIND.

**JEWELRY**

AND NOW IT'S GONE! I SWEAR I SAW IT, BUT PERHAPS IN ALL THIS EXCITEMENT MY EYES HAVE BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!



AS IF NORTON HADN'T HAD ENOUGH MYSTERY FOR ONE EVENING, AS HE RE-ENTERED HIS SHOP TO CALL THE POLICE!

W-WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF THE SHOP MORE THAN TWO MINUTES!

I MUST HAVE COME IN A MOMENT AFTER YOU LEFT! BUT NO MATTER, MR. CROSS? I WONDER IF YOU CAN HELP ME? I'M INTERESTED IN ANY JADE PIECES YOU MAY HAVE!



HIS BEAUTY WAS SO INTERESTING THAT NORTON TEMPORARILY FORGOT THE BODY OUTSIDE.

JADE: HAHA! THAT'S GOOD! THE STRANGER JUST LEFT ME A PIECE OF JADE! HE'S DEAD NOW AND NORTON KNOWS I HAVE IT!

YES, I THINK I CAN HELP YOU! ONE WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR A WOMAN OF SUCH GREAT BEAUTY!



EXACTLY! IT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED! I HAVE NO MONEY TO PAY FOR IT, BUT HERE IN THIS BOX IS SOMETHING I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND EVEN MORE VALUABLE IN EXCHANGE!



LET ME SEE!

FOR A WOMAN OF SUCH BEAUTY SHE MOVED HER HANDS WITH APPARENT CLUMSINESS AND

NOW STUPEFIED OF HER? I DROPPED IT! CATCH THEM, MR. CROSS!

PEARLS! AND I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY THIS SIZE AND LUSTER! THEY'RE WORTH A HUNDRED TIMES THE VALUE OF THE JADE! IT'S NOT A FAIR EXCHANGE!



YOU KNOW THE NAME OF A COLLECTOR... BESIDES I AM VERY WEALTHY! THERE ARE MORE WHERE THERE COME FROM IF YOU WOULD CARE TO SERVE ME, MR. CROSS!

CALL ME NORTON... I-I WOULD BE MOST HAPPY TO SERVE YOU IN ANYTHING YOU DESIRE. YOU'RE THE MOST INTERESTING WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN! WHO ARE YOU?



I AM KNOWN AS THE PRINCESS THAI! YOU MUST VISIT ME SOON, NORTON, IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF SAJEENA ON THE ISLAND OF JAAH!

JADE: WHY, THAT'S FOUR-THOUSAND MILES FROM LONDON! WANT A RIDEWAY, PRINCESS, LET ME SPEAK TO YOU?



NORTON FOLLOWED HER, BUT AS HE CROSSED THE THRESHOLD OF HIS SHOP

SHE - SHE'S SOMEWHERE DISAPPEARED LIKE THAI! AND ONLY THIS MYSTERIOUS GREEN CLOUD IS LEFT! THEN I DON'T IMAGINE IT BEFORE! IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED! YET IT'S TOO INCREDIBLE!



THERE WAS STILL THE MAN'S BODY TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR AND WHEN THE POLICE CAME

YOU NEVER SAW THIS MAN BEFORE AND YOU HEARD NO OUTCRY OR NOISE, YOU SAY?

FOR THE THIRD TIME, NO, NO, NO! HOW MAY I GO? I MUST PACK! I AM GOING ON A TRIP, A LONG TRIP TO AJALT



DAYS LATER, AS HIS PLANE MOVED DOWN TOWARD THE CAPITAL CITY OF JARANTA

WE ARE ARRIVING IN JANA. WILL YOU PLEASE ADJUST YOUR SAFETY BELTS?

SOON I SHALL BE WITH PRINCESS THAIS! HER BEAUTY IS LIKE A DRUG! I COULDN'T FORGET HER IF I TRIED!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER HE WAS ALMOST READY TO RETURN TO LONDON, BUT AT A PIER WHERE HE WAS ABOUT TO PROCEED PASSENGER

I - I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! IT CAN'T BE ANYONE ELSE! I KNOW HER WALK! IT IS THE PRINCESS THAIS!



BUT FINDING THE ANCIENT CITY OF BAJEDNA WAS ANOTHER PROBLEM. HE QUESTIONED COUNTLESS PARTIES, BUT ALWAYS RECEIVED THE SAME ANSWER

BAJEDNA? IT IS SOMEWHERE IN THE INTERIOR, BUT NO ONE GOES THERE! IT IS CERTAIN DEATH, I HAVE HEARD! NO ONE WOULD DARE TAKE YOU THERE!

BUT I WILL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK - A HUNDRED POUNDS! SAH, I SEE IT'S USELESS WITH SUPERSTITIOUS IDIOTS!



SO YOU HAVE COME AT LAST, YOU, PRINCESS! I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

I ALMOST GAVE UP LOOKING FOR YOU, PRINCESS! BUT IT WAS WORTH COMING! YOU ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVERY! BUT HOW SHALL WE GET TO BAJEDNA?



WE SHALL GO AT ONCE! DISTANCE IS NO TROUBLE FOR A PRINCESS OF THE SACRED CITY!

THE GREEN CLOUD! THEN IT WAS YOU ALL THE TIME!



THE CHICKEN ENVELOPING MIST DOLED HIS SENSES AND HE SEEMED TO BE FLOATING . . . THEN FLYING





WHEN HORTON TOOK OFF HIS STUPOR, HE MANAGED TO FIND HIMSELF IN PARIS.

IT'S UTTERLY FANTASTIC! IT SEEMED LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY I WAS IN JAIL. NOW I'M IN PARIS! THAIS DID THIS WITH HER MAGIC! IT MUST BE BECAUSE THE OWNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE OF JADE LIVES HERE!



WITHOUT DELAY HORTON MADE HIS FIRST CONTACT, BUT WAS MET WITH OUTRIGHT REFUSAL.

YOU WILL LEAVE THIS HOUSE AT ONCE, MADAME! I WILL NEVER PART WITH THE JADE FOR ANY PRICE!

BUT I MUST HAVE IT! I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT IT, MADAME!

WHAT WILL THAIS SAY? I CAN'T RETURN EMPTY-HANDED!



GOADED TO FURY BY THE WOMAN'S REFUSAL, HORTON NEEDED ONLY ONE INSPIRATION.

HORTON, HEAR ME! IF YOU LOVE ME, YOU MUST DESTROY HER! SHE WILL NEVER PART WITH THE JADE WILLINGLY!

FRIEND! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT GAMBLES-THON? TO U LEAVE ME NO CHOICE, MADAME! YOUR LIFE IS PERFECT!



HER SCREAMS WILL WAKEN THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD! I MUST TAKE THE JADE AND RUN!



BUT AS HE EMERGED FROM THE SLAY WOMAN'S HOME...

TRAPPED! THE STREET IS SWARMING WITH GENDARMES! THAIS! THAIS! HELP ME!

STOP HIM! HE IS RUNNING FROM MADAME TRABANT'S HOUSE WHERE ALL THAT SCREAMING CAME FROM!



FROM THE VOID ABOVE, A BLINDING ANSWER CAME.

SACRÉ! I AM BLINDED! WHERE DID THAT BOLT OF LIGHTNING COME FROM?

HOW WONDERFUL HER MAGIC IS! THAIS DID IT... FOR ME! NOW I CAN ESCAPE THE POLICE!



PARBLEU! THE MAN'S A WIZARD OR DEVIL! THERE ARE FIVE OF HIM NOW!



THE FOOLS ARE CHASING SHADOWS! HA HA HA! THE POWER OF THAIS IS MIGHTY!



PERIL DODGED HORTON'S FOOTSTEPS AT EACH EFFORT TO REEVE THE REMAINING JADE PIECES FROM THEIR FIERCIOUS OWNERS, BUT EACH TIME THEIR ANSWERS WERE BLINDING FOR HELP.



THAIS' FLAMES CANNOT HARM ME BUT IT WILL BURN THEM! THE JADE IS MINE!

WE CAN'T GET NEAR THE BLASTED MURDERER, SINGLES! THOSE FLAMES ARE REAL! STAND BACK!

I'VE COME BACK TO JAIL, PRINCESS THAIS, AND I'VE COMPLETED THE SACRED NECKLACE OF JADE! COME, BEAUTIFUL ONE, TAKE ME TO BAILEM!

HE'S DISAPPEARING IN THAT BEAM OF LIGHT!

I CAN'T SEE HIM ANYMORE... IT'S ABSOLUTELY BLINDING! AAAAAH! THE KILLER ESCAPING!

MYSTERIOUSLY AS BEFORE, HORTON WAS TRANSPORTED TO THE ANCIENT CITY.

THAIS, I'VE RETURNED WITH THE TREASURE! NOW YOU SHALL BE MINE!

I KNEW YOU WOULD NOT FAIL! YOU MUST BRING IT TO THE PALACE IN AN HOUR! I MUST DRESS FOR THE CEREMONY!



THAIS HAD MOUNTED THE PYRE AND THE JADE PIECES LAY AT HER FEET.

ONLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD CAN WEAR JADE LIKE THIS, PRINCESS! THEY WILL MAKE A NECKLACE OF GREEN FLAME AROUND YOUR THROAT.

NECKLACE? NO, HORTON, THE JADE IS NOT MEANT FOR A NECKLACE! LOOK!



NORTON STARED AND TREMBLED TO THE VERY CORE AS TERROR BEGGED NOT HAND IN A CRUELING YOGE.

YOUR HANDS — THEY'RE STUMPED! THEY HAVE NO FINGERS!

HOW YOU SEE WHY I COULD NOT DO MYSELF TO EMBELL THE JADE... WHY I NEEDED A SLAVE TO DO MY BIDDING? A SLAVE WHO WOULD NOT THINK HE, LIKE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO SELL YOU ONE UP, ... MY FINGERS!



YOU — YOU'RE TURNING GREEN — LIKE SOME LOATHSOME, SEMI-DEAD STATUE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME, THAIS?

COME CLOSER! I MUST WEED YOU TO ME WITH THOSE FINGERS ACCORDING TO ANCIENT CUSTOM! I PROMISED YOU WE WOULD BE JOINED WHEN YOU BROUGHT THE JADE... CLOSER... CLOSER!



IN BAILEM, THE ANCIENT RITUAL OF SACRIFICE TO THE GODS BEGAN AND ONLY WHEN IT WAS CARRIED OUT.

HAIL, PRINCESS THAIS! SHE HAD TAKEN ANOTHER MATE!

OUR JADE GODDESS HAD BEEN RETIRED!



THE END

# BAFFLING MYSTERIES

20-9-1

ROBERT FIELDS, A YOUNG AMERICAN ART STUDENT, SPENT A SUMMER'S VACATION IN ENGLAND PAINTING AND EXPLORING MEDIEVAL CASTLES SCATTERED OVER THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. HIS SEEMINGLY UNADVENTUROUS TOUR WAS TURNED INTO A STRANGE MYSTIFYING INCIDENT WHEN HE STUMBLED UPON A WELL HIDDEN NEAR A RUINED CASTLE. HE PULLED ASIDE THE HEAVY BEAMS THAT COVERED IT AND REVEALED A WONDERFUL SIGHT.



FIELDS SET UP EASEL AND CANVAS AND PAINTED THE BEAUTIFUL IMAGE WHEN HE FINISHED.



HE DROVE TO LONDON AND BEGAN TRACING THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE AND WELL.

FIELDS WAS RECEIVED BY SIR LARADAY AND SOON THE CASTLE WAS UNDER DISCUSSION.



FIELDS THEN SHOWED THE PAINTING HE HAD MADE NEAR THE WELL.



THE END

# SCOURGE of the SCORPION CULT

*It was a strange quest that brought Dr. Philip Marston and his lovely daughter, Cora, to the Killa village on the stunning Congo river, a quest that was already would end either in benefiting humanity or death to the daughters and determined Doctor. For the dangers were incalculable...*



DO YOU THINK WE'LL FIND THE CHASE, HADDER, HERE, DAD?

I CERTAINLY HOPE SO! OUR MISSION IS MUCH TOO DANGEROUS TO UNDERTAKE WITHOUT HIM! WE KNOW THE JUNGLE BETTER THAN MOST OF THE NATIVES!



AFTER MUCH SEARCHING, MARSTON FINALLY FOUND HIS MAN.

NO, I'M NOT ENGAGED AT PRESENT, DR. MARSTON, BUT IF YOU'RE NOT A HUNTER, WHAT ABOUT YOUR MISSION?

I'M DOING SOME RE-SEARCH, MR. MARSTON. I'M TRYING TO FIND A SERUM WHICH WILL COUNTERACT A SCORPION'S VENOM!



WHAT'S THAT? A SERUM THAT WILL...

AH! YOU HAVE DISCOVERED AS TO THE POSSIBILITY? WELL, MY PAST RESEARCH HAS REVEALED MY SERUM ON THE RIGHT TRACK! BUT TO MAKE A FINAL TEST WILL REQUIRE THE VENOM OF SCORPIONS OF THE CONGO VARIETY!

I BELIEVE THAT THIS SERPENT CAN BE MADE BY ACTUALLY USING THE VERY POISON IT IS SUPPOSED TO COUNTERACT AS ONE OF THE INGREDIENTS! THE SCORPION OF THIS CLIMATE, AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, IS THE DEADLIEST KNOWN TO MANKIND!



CONSIDERING THAT, DR. MARSDEN, WOULDN'T YOU BE IMPAIRING THE LIFE OF YOUR DAUGHTER BY TAKING HER ALONG?

OH, NO? SHE'S BEEN ASSESSING ME FOR SOME TIME... I'VE HANDLED THE CREATURES BETTER THAN I DO!

I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT SCRAMBLED, MR. HARPER!



WELL, YOUR OFFER IS GENEROUS, DOCTOR... BUT YOUR PERSONAL DANGER...

THEN IT'S SETTLED! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT US... WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES! WE'LL START IN THE MORNING!

"STRANGE" IT SEEMS HERE DELIBERATELY TRYING TO DISGUISE UP BUT WHY?



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, PRIOR TO THE START OF THE TREK...

TWO BUREOS WOULD'VE BEEN SUFFICIENT FOR OUR TRIP! WHAT'S IN THOSE CABINETS, DOCTOR?

JUST SOME CHEMICAL SUPPLIES. IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO DO SOME FURTHER RESEARCH IN THE JUNGLE!



TWO DAYS LATER...

BEYOND THAT POINT IS A SWAMP DOORFLOPS ARE QUITE THICK THERE... SOME OF THEM EXCEEDING TEN INCHES IN LENGTH! FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, I'D ADVISE CAMPING HERE!

GOOD! I'LL HELP YOU WITH THE TENTS!



WE CAN SET OUR TRAPS IN THE MORNING! AND... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT? THAT POST!

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES, DOCTOR... JUST IN CASE OUR FINE ATTRACTA... ANY SCORPIONS! IT'S A CONCENTRATED POISON! THEY CAN'T COME NEAR US WHILE WE'RE SLEEPING!



AH! HERE LATER, MARSDEN SUCCEEDED! AMOKEP...

FURRY... I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE! PROBABLY ONE OF THE BUREOS. BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK ANYWAY! DON'T WANT THEM WANDERING OFF INTO THE SWAMP!



WHAT WAS THAT SHADOW? IT LOOKED LIKE A MAN! HARKER! DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT NATIVES BEING IN THE WOODS! I'D BETTER TELL HIM ABOUT IT!

HARKER! WHY, HE'S DEAD! THEN IT WASN'T A NATIVE IT WAS HIM! BUT WHERE WOULD HE BE GOING, ESPECIALLY UNARMED? TOO FOOL! I'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM! MIGHT BE WILD ANIMALS AROUND HERE!

HE EVIDENTLY KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE HE'S GOING! LUCKILY, THE GROUND IS SOFT - I CAN FOLLOW HIS FOOTPRINTS! AND JUDGING FROM THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM, HE WAS RUNNING!

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, HARKER SEARCHED THROUGH THE HEAVY JUNGLE. FINALLY, THE PATH BROKE AT THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVE...

A CAVE! AND THAT SYMBOL OVER THE ENTRANCE! IT'S ALMOST IDENTICAL... FORBIDDING! BUT I'VE GOT TO ENTER! I FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

INSTANTLY, THE DOOR OPENED THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS CAVERN UNTIL HE CAME UPON AN UNBEARABLE SIGHT...

GREAT SCOTT! THOSE PEOPLE... THEY'RE PACTLY SCOTSMEN! AND HARKER'S ONE OF THEM!

HEAR, HE NOW! THIS IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!

AS YOUR LEADER, I HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A QUEEN... A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO WILL BECOME ONE OF US! EVEN NOW SHE IS CLOSE BY!

NO! HE MEANS CELIA! WHAT HAVE I COME UP AGAINST? I MUST GET BACK TO THE CAMP!

IN INSTANT FRENZY, HARKER SPED FROM THE ONE, ALMOST DUBLING HIS SPEED. BUT AS HE RACED BACK TOWARD CAMP, HE SUDDENLY TRIPPED...

OOH!

WHEN HARPER REGAINED CONSCIOUS-  
NESS, IT WAS MORNING AND CELIA  
HAD SHOWN HIM HOW SHE  
HARPER LOOKED ON...

OH! MY HEAD!  
HARPER! YOU'RE  
ON. I JUST HAD  
THE MOST  
FANTASTIC  
DREAM!

CELIA! YOUR  
DREAM NOW  
DOCTOR? I  
FOUND YOU  
UNCONSCIOUS  
IN THE JUNGLE!



I HEARD A  
VOICE LAST  
NIGHT. I WENT  
TO INVESTIGATE  
YOU WERE  
GONE  
AND

I HEARD THE  
VOICE TOO AND  
WENT OUT  
ON MY VERY BACK.  
TO MY TENT, I  
FOUND YOU LIES  
OUT THERE AND  
CARRIED YOU  
BACK.



SOON AFTER, CELIA WENT OFF  
IN SEARCH OF FOREVER...

WHAT AM I THINKING? THAT  
WAS NO DREAM! HARPER IS  
OBVIOUSLY LYING! HE  
WOULDN'T INVESTIGATE A  
VOICE WITHOUT BEING  
ARMED! I CAN'T TURN  
BACK WITHOUT HIS SUS-  
PECTING ME... AND I  
CAN'T TELL CELIA WHILE  
HE'S AROUND!



SUCHINNY...

CELIA! HELP!  
DAD! HE HARPER!  
HELP!

CELIA! GREAT SCOTT! SHE'S  
OUT THERE ALONE! HURRY  
HARPER, HURRY! SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE'S HAPPENED!



I'VE GOT IT!  
WHAT CAN  
WE DO FOR  
HER?

YOU MUST REMAIN HERE!  
LET ME TAKE HER WITH ME!  
I KNOW OF ONLY ONE WAY  
TO SAVE HER LIFE!



ALL RIGHT! BUT HURRY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

HE'S GOING TO CHANGE HER INTO ONE OF THOSE  
HORRIBLE CREATURES! BUT WHAT CAN I DO?  
I'M HELPLESS! GRIED  
ME OTHERWISE!

SHE'LL LIVE,  
DOCTOR! I CAN  
PROMISE THAT!



WAIT! THERE MAY STILL BE A CHANCE! THIS SCORPION! IF I CAN REMOVE SOME OF ITS VENOM, I MAY STILL BE ABLE TO CONDUCT SOME OF MY SERUM IN TIME!



MEANWHILE, IN THE DESERT CANYON, HARPER BROUGHT FORTH SOME OF HIS OWN STRANGE CONCEPTION...

I FEEL SO STRANGE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

DRINK THIS! IT'LL SAVE YOUR LIFE, BUT THE RESULTS WILL BE STRANGER THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF!



WHAT AN ODD TASTE! BUT I FEEL STRONGER ALREADY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THE RESULTS BEING STRANGER?

YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH! BUT NOW YOU NEED REST! COME! I'LL HELP YOU BACK TO CAMP!



I DON'T THINK I'VE MADE ANY MISTAKES, BUT I'VE GOT TO GIVE THE MIXTURE MORE THAN TWELVE HOURS TO SETTLE BEFORE IT CAN BE ADMINISTERED! OH... HERE THEY COME! AND CELIA APPEARS TO BE ALL RIGHT!



THANK GODDRESS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, CELIA! SHE WILL BE ALL RIGHT, WON'T SHE, HARPER?

SHRILL LIVE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN, DOCTOR! BUT I SEE YOU'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING! HOW IS IT COMING?

IF I TELL HIM OF MY SUCCESS, HE MAY ATTEMPT TO DESTROY MY WORK!

I'M AFRAID I'M ON THE WRONG TRACK! I'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR CURE, HARPER?

IT'S NOT A CURE, DOCTOR! I'M SORRY, BUT IT MUST REMAIN A SECRET!

NOT A CURE, HE SAID! OF COURSE NOT! NOT WITH THOSE MONSTRIOUS RESULTS! BUT WHAT WERE TREATMENT COULD POSSIBLY TURN A HUMAN BEING INTO PART SCORPION? WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, FOR THE PRESENT... AND HOPE MY SERUM WILL PROVE TO BE AN ANTIDOTE! OTHERWISE, POOR CELIA!



LUCKY, PEAR LEFT HARSTON FROM SLEEPING TONIGHT...

FOLLOW ME, CELIA!

SHE'S GOING WITH HIM! WHATEVER WE DO, WE MUST HAVE PRODUCED SOME HYPNOTIC TRANCE!



AGAIN FOLLOWING THE STRANGER, SINGLE GROUP, HARSTON OBSERVED THE FORTHCOMING SCENE UNDETECTED...

I PROMISED YOU A SERIM! HERE SHE IS! BUT THERE IS ANOTHER MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE! WE ARE THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION! A WESTERN MEDICINER IS PREPARING A POTION WHICH MAY DESTROY US!



CELIA! SHE'S BECOME ONE OF THEM! AND HARPER IS TELLING THEM ABOUT ME! THEY'RE UNARMED! I MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE A STAND AGAINST THEM BACK AT THE CAMP!

WE MUST KILL HIM BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



THEY'RE NOT FAR BEHIND ME! I'LL BE LUCKY IF I HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO PREPARE A HYPODERMIC OF MY SERIM FOR CELIA! IF IT DOESN'T WORK, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR BRINGING HER ALONG!



FINALLY ABANDONING THE CAMP, HARSTON HASTILY PREPARED A HYPODERMIC AT THE SOUND OF THE ON-RUSHING HORSE (SHEE) SOUND...

IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO KILL A FEW IN ORDER TO DISPERSE THE REST! I HEAR THEM COMING NOW!



THERE HE IS NOW! KILL HIM!

THEY'RE CLINGING TOO CLOSE TOGETHER! IF I SHOOT, I MAY HIT CELIA! I'D BETTER WAIT TILL THEY GET CLOSER! HARPERFUL OF FIRST!

AABER!

YAAAH!



AS THE HARRASSING CREATIONS APPROACHED, HARSTON OPENED FIRE, SEEING THEIR LEADER GO DOWN, THE DEMORALIZED FORCE TOOK FLIGHT TO THEIR ABES...

IT WORKED! CELIA! OVER HERE... HURRY! WILL...? SHE DOESN'T HEAR ME!





DOCTOR SUGGEST OVER TO HIS  
ENTRANCED DAUGHTER...  
HAMILTON PLUNGED THE NEEDLE  
INTO HER ARM...

AT LEAST SHE'S NOT WEARY  
NOT CAPABLE OF DOING ANY HARM  
IN HER CONDITION! NOW FOR THE  
TEST!

OH, WHAT'S HAPPENING?  
I-- I FEEL SO STRANGE!



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, THE  
SCORPION FEATURES WITHDREW  
FROM CELIA...

OH, IT WAS HORRIBLE! I  
ACTUALLY TURNED  
INTO A SCORPION!

YES, I KNOW...  
BUT IT'S ALL  
RIGHT NOW! AND  
MY DESIGN IDEAS!  
IT'S A SUCCESS!



DOCTOR  
HAMILTON!  
I-- I...

LOOK! MR.  
HARPER! HE'S  
WOUNDED!



I WAS... LIKE YOU, DR. HAMILTON...  
LOOKING FOR A SERUM... TO  
COUNTERACT THE SCORPION  
VENOM! I WAS A DOCTOR...  
TOO! I ALLOWED MYSELF  
TO BE BITTEN... THEN I  
DRANK MY SERUM... BUT  
IT HADN'T BEEN PER-  
FECTED! THIS WAS THE  
MISTAKE... BUT YOU  
HAVE DISCOVERED THE  
RIGHT FORMULA...  
YOUR SERUM IS  
A SUCCESS...

BUT WHY  
TRY TO  
KILL ME  
WHEN I  
MIGHT  
HAVE  
SAVED  
YOU?

ONCE UNDER THE SPELL, I COULDN'T  
THINK LIKE A MAN... MY MIND WAS  
CONTROLLED BY SCORPION BLOOD IN  
ME! MY FOLLOWERS WERE MADMEN  
WHO ALSO HAD BEEN BITTEN! WHEN I  
SAVED THEM FROM DEATH, THEY  
MADE ME THEIR IDOL!  
I-- DENYING!



HE'S DEAD! BUT AT  
LEAST WE KNOW HIS  
STORY! IF HE  
HADN'T USED  
HIS SERUM ON  
YOU, CELIA... YOU  
WOULDN'T HAVE DIED!

I-- I COULDN'T DO  
ANY MORE FOR  
HIM! BUT IT'S ALL  
SO STRANGE! NO-  
BODY WOULD EVER  
BELIEVE THIS  
STORY!



I'M AFRAID THEY WOULDN'T... AND THAT'S WHY YOU  
NEVER HAD A WORD TO ANYONE ABOUT  
THIS! THERE'S NO LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT OF SERUM  
A POWER-HUNGRY INDIVIDUAL MIGHT BE CAPABLE  
OF... IF HE EVER DISCOVERED THE FORMULA  
FOR HARPER'S VILE SERUM!

I UNDERSTAND!  
IT WILL BE OUR  
SECRET!



The End

# BAFFLING MYSTERIES

#4-2

KURT HALLER WAS A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER WHO DARED THE IMPOSSIBLE. HE SCALED THE TREASURED MATTENHORN ALONE! THIS HUGE MOUNTAIN IN THE EUROPEAN ALPS HAD CLAIMED MANY LIVES, BUT KURT HALLER CONQUERED IT BY HIMSELF. OR DID HE? THIS STRANGE QUESTION AROSE FROM A SERIES OF EVENTS HALLER TOLD AFTER HIS CLIMB. IN THE SUMMER OF 1927 HIS ADVENTURE BEGAN.

HALLER HAD SCALED THE MATTENHORN, BUT ON HIS DESCENT, A STORM RIPPED THE MOUNTAIN!

MY EQUIPMENT—GONE! NOW I CANNOT GET OFF THE CURSED MOUNTAIN AND I'LL DIE IF I STAY HERE! I WAS A FOOL TO HAVE TRIED THIS ALONE!



HALLER WEATHERED THE STORM ON A NARROW LEDGE WHEN IT SUBSIDED.

I'M DOOMED WITHOUT A ROPE, PITONS, AND ICE AXES!

HELLO THERE—



SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE MIST LOOSED THE FIGURE OF AN ALPINE!



NOW—WHERE DID YOU...?

TAKE THIS ROPE AND KNAPSACK! I WILL LEAD YOU DOWN!

HALLER FOLLOWED THE MAN SAFELY DOWN THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHEN THEY REACHED THE BOTTOM.



YOU ARE SAFE. THERE IS A CABIN WHERE YOU CAN REST. FAREWELL, FOOL-HARDY MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER!

THE MAN SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED AS HE APPEARED INTO THINKING THE ASTONISHED HALLER SINKED INTO THE CABIN WHERE HE WAS GREETED BY AN AGED WOMAN. HE TOLD HER HIS EXPERIENCE OF THE STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

YOU ARE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! MY HUSBAND ALSO CLIMBED THE MATTENHORN ALONE, THIRTY YEARS AGO TODAY. HE NEVER RETURNED, NOR WAS HIS BODY EVER FOUND. PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF MY HUSBAND. HE WAS A FAMOUS MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER, TALL, STRONG AND BLACKBEARDED. HIS NAME WAS



HUGO DONNER!



THE END

# The Phantom Snow Queen



MAYBE IF I TAKE ONE MORE PRACTICE JUMP, I'LL GET RID OF THIS SILLY SUDDEN FEAR THAT'S COME OVER ME THE PAST FEW DAYS? (GASP!) MAYBE I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE MY'S PUBLICITY ABOUT MY "TORCHLIGHT DEATH LEAP"? I—HEY, WHO'S THAT COMING DOWN THE SKI-JUMP?

IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE ANNUAL WINTER CARNIVAL AT SNOWTOP LODGE, IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. IT WAS A PRETTY NIGHT, CLEAR AND CUTTING COLD—YET, AS DEAN MONROE TRUDGED UP THE STEEP APPROACH TO THE TOP OF THE SKI-JUMP, SHE WAS FILLED WITH A FEARFUL, FOREBODING AND TO HER THE NIGHT SEEMED TOO STILL. THE AIR CHANGED WITH SOME MYSTERIOUSLY CHILLING FORCE. THE HIGH FULL MOON SEEMED TO HER TO BE A MENACING THING, SPOTLIGHTING THE UNKNOWN TERROR AND DREAD THAT SEEPED THROUGH HER.



IT'S ONE OF THE GUESTS! THE HOST MUST HAVE FOUND MY STACK OF TORCHES AT THE TOP! HE'S TRYING MY DEATH LEAP! HE'LL BE KILLED!



PARALYZED WITH FEAR, DEAN SWAYED FOR THE FOOLHARDY SKIER TO TURN OFF THE APPROACH OR FALL, BEFORE HE REACHED THE JUMP. THEN, AS THE SKI-GRANDPRAIRIE MOVED FAST,

AM-A-DEATH'S HEAD! BUT IT—IT COULDN'T BE! THE FOOL MUST BE WEARING A RUBBER MASK OF SOME KIND!



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL, PERFECT JUMP! MAYBE WHATEVER THE FOOL HE WILL BE LUCKY AND MAKE A SAFE LANDING!

THEN, RIGHT BEFORE TAMA'S TERROR-FILLED EYES, SHE SAW THE BLACK-GLAD SKIER LOSE HIS BALANCE! HE PLUNGED AWARDSIDE IN THE STILL, MISTY AIR AS A BLOOD SHADOW SHROUDED THE MOON. A SHRIEL DEATH SCREAM SHATTERED THE ICE SILENCE!



OHMY! HE CAN'T POSSIBLY SURVIVE THAT FALL! I—I'VE GOT TO GO DOWN THERE AND SEE IF HE'S STILL ALIVE. THEN DO FOR HELP!

AS DANA RACED, WITH THROBBING HEART, TOWARD THE SKI-JUMP LANDING STRETCH, FOR A FEW MINUTES THICK DRIZZLE HAD OBSCURED HER VIEW OF THE SCENE. WHEN SHE BROKE OUT INTO THE CLEAR AGAIN AND STARED, WIDE-EYED TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE THE GUMPLED BODY SHOULD HAVE SPRAWLED...



HE—HE'S GONE! I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

BUT HER RELIEF SOON CHANGED TO SHAKING FEAR THAT BENT SKEWERED DOWN HER SPINE...



I'M BARE THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE HE LANDED! YET THE SNOW IS FRESH, UNFOOTED—JUST AS THOUGH NO ONE HAD FALLEN! BUT I SAW IT HAPPEN!



HE COULDN'T HAVE SKIED DOWN THIS SLOPE WITHOUT LEAVING TRACKS, BUT THERE WENT A SIGN THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE APPROACH! I—I MUST HAVE BEEN IMAGINING IT! BUT THESE TORCHES I FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH! THEY'RE REAL!



I'LL HAVE TO TELL RAY THAT I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THE TORCHLIGHT DEATH JAP! THIS THING THAT HAPPENED TONIGHT MUST HAVE BEEN A DEATH OMEN, A FINAL WARNING THAT I'LL BE KILLED IF I CONTINUE TO DO THIS DANGEROUS STUNT!



BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO CANCEL THE JUMP, IRMA? WHAT HAPPENED OUT THERE TONIGHT?

I-I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY SENSIBLE REASON, RAY! PLEASE DON'T QUESTION ME ANY MORE!



ANOTHER TORMENTING, SLEEPLESS NIGHT! I-I CAN'T STAND IT, ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT! MAYBE I AM LOSING MY MIND!

IN A FEW MINUTES, THE FEAT-TEMPERED IRMA MADE UP HER MIND. SHE WOULD GO TO NEW YORK, CONSULT HER UNCLE, A NOTED PSYCHIATRIST. HE WOULD HELP HER...

I DON'T DARE WAKE RAY AND TELL HIM! I'LL JUST DO, AND LEAVE HIM A NOTE OF EXPLANATION!



BUT AS IRMA OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED OUT INTO THE WHITE, SNOW-SWEPT NIGHT, A DRAFT CAME UP HER NOSE AND TOOKED IT INTO THE LOW FINE...

I CAN CATCH THE THREE & N TRAIN FROM TOWN AND BE IN NEW YORK IN THE MORNING!



THE NEXT MORNING WHEN RAY WAKED, FOUND HIS WIFE GONE, HE SEARCHED FOR HER, FRUSTRATED.

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT HER, RAY! SHE'LL PROBABLY BE BACK TONIGHT FOR THE OPENING OF THE WINTER CARNIVAL. SHE WOULDN'T MISS THAT!



ALL THAT DAY, GUESTS POURED INTO BRIGHTON BEACH FOR THE OPENING OF THE FAMOUS WINTER CARNIVAL, ATTRACTED BY THE GREAT PUBLICITY GIVEN TO IRMA'S TERRORFUL DEATH LEAP, A DARING NEW STUNT. BUT THAT NIGHT...

IRMA ISN'T HERE AND I'LL HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE DEATH LEAP'S BEEN CANCELLED!



BUT BEFORE RAY COULD MAKE HIS ANNOUNCEMENT...

THERE'S IRMA HANGING UP AT THE TOP OF THE RUM, NOW, READY TO START DOWN!







WH HONORE? I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I—I'VE JUST COME FROM CLEARING OFF THE DO-RUN AND THEY'RE NOT THERE! THERE ISN'T ANY!

DON'T ANY WHAT, JOE?



YOU KNOW HOW I ALWAYS SMOOTH OUT THE TRACKS AFTER SOMEONE USES THE RUN. WELL, I—I WENT TO DO THAT AFTER IRMA'S JUMP, BUT—BUT THERE WERE NO SMOOTHS—TRACKS! NOT ONE MARK IN THAT SMOOTH SHOW, JUST AS THOUGH NOBODY HAD COME DOWN THAT SLOPE!



NONSENSE, JOE! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! EITHER SOMEBODY'S PLAYING A JOKE ON YOU, CLEARING OFF THE SLOPE BEFORE YOU GOT THERE, OR ELSE YOUR EYES ARE GOING BAD!

I TELL YOU, NOBODY WAS THERE BEFORE WE AND THERE WEREN'T ANY SMOOTHS—TRACKS!



JEAN SPYTON MANAGED TO CLIMB OFF, THE OLD MAN'S OLD STORY, BUT THAT NIGHT WHEN IRMA DIDN'T RETURN, HE DIDN'T SLEEP A WHOLE NIGHT LONG!

SHE'S STILL NOT BACK? BUT SHE MIGHT SHOW UP AT THE LAST MINUTE AGAIN TONIGHT IN TIME FOR HER JUMP! IF SHE DOES, THIS TIME SHE WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME!



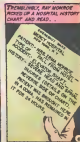
AND THAT NIGHT, JUST AS PAT WAS ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE CANCELLATION OF IRMA'S TORCH-LIGHT DEATH LEAP...

THERE SHE IS AGAIN, AT THE LAST MOMENT!



BUT, TONIGHT, AS THE WHITE-GLAZED SHED COOKED THAT DAY'S TOWER, THE COILED HEAD TURNED TOWARD JOE AND REVEALED...

W-W-WHAT? IT—IT'S NOT IRMA! THAT—THAT'S A DEATH'S HEAD INSIDE HER COIL! BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS! I MUST BE DOING THINGS!





PREVAILING, CONVINCED, BUT MORRIS CALLED THE  
NIGHT NURSE NOW.

"I'M QUITE SURE THERE'S NO  
MISTAKE, SIR! WE DO HAVE A  
PATIENT, ANSWERING YOUR  
DESCRIPTION, A MRS. ERMA  
MORRIS, WHO WAS INJURED  
AS YOU DESCRIBED!"

"I—I SEE!  
THANK YOU!"



"BUT IT'S PECULIAR, SAY!  
WE ALL SAW HER TAKE THE  
JUMP LAST NIGHT AND YESTERDAY  
WE CARRIED HER HERE, JUST  
A LITTLE WHILE AGO,  
INJURED!"

"I DON'T CARE  
WHAT YOU SAY OR  
THINK! I'M GOING  
TO NEW YORK—TO  
DINA! SHE NEEDS  
ME!"



AS HIS TRAIN  
BOARED THROUGH  
THE BLUE SKY,  
RAY MORRIS  
REMEMBERED THE WEIRD AND  
SCARY HAPPENINGS  
THAT HAD OCCURRED  
TO HIM AND HIS WIFE  
SINCE THE PAST 48  
HOURS. HE THOUGHT  
HE WOULD FIND NO LOGIC  
OR EXPLANATION  
FOR THEM...



THE NEXT MORNING, IN ERMA'S ROOM AT  
THE MERCY HOSPITAL.

"BUT YOUR WIFE COULDN'T  
HAVE TAKEN THOSE 30-  
JUMPS THE LAST TWO NIGHTS.  
SHE'S BEEN RIGHT HERE, ALL  
THAT TIME, UNCONSCIOUS,  
WITH A NURSE ALWAYS  
PRESENT! YOU MUST HAVE  
SEEN SOMEBODY ELSE!"

"BUT IT  
WAS ERMA!  
I DON'T  
EXPECT  
THEM TO  
BELIEVE OR  
UNDERSTAND,  
BUT I  
KNOW!"



SUDDENLY, AT THE SOUND OF RAY'S VOICE,  
ERMA STARED. SHE LOOKED UP AT HER HUSBAND—  
BARE! SHE SPOKE, AND THERE WAS AN Eerie,  
SOFT-LIKE SOUND TO HER VOICE AND AN  
OTHER-WORLD LOOK TO HER SMILE...

"RAY, HONEY! I KNOW YOU'VE COME!  
HOW—HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE JUMPS  
I MADE, DARLING? I DIDN'T  
DREAM! YOU AFTER  
ALL, DO I?"



"WHY—WHY, IT'S  
ALMOST A MIRACLE!  
SHE'S REMAINED  
CONSCIOUS AND  
SEEMS ONE HUNDRED  
PER CENT IMPROVED!"

"WHAT IS HE TALKING  
ABOUT, RAY? WHAT DO I  
JUST SAY? I—I DON'T  
REMEMBER, NOW!"

"IT DOESN'T  
MATTER! FORGET IT  
AND GO TO SLEEP, NOW,  
ERMA—A NICE MORNING  
SLEEP THAT WILL  
REST YOU UP!"



HER PULSE AND RESPIRATION  
WERE NORMAL, AGAIN, MR. MORRIS? THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT HER  
RECOVERING, NOW! YOUR FINDING  
OUT ABOUT HER ACCIDENT AND  
GETTING HERE SAVED HER LIFE!



RAY MORRIS DID  
NOT UNDERSTAND  
THE STRANGE CHAIN  
OF EVENTS THAT  
HAD BROUGHT THIS  
MIRACLE AND  
FOUNDED THAT HE  
EVEN HAD. BUT  
HE WAS GRATEFUL  
AND ACCEPTED THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES  
AS ONE OF THOSE  
STRANGE OUT-OF-  
THIS-WORLD MAP-  
PENINGS BEYOND  
THE KNOWLEDGE  
OF MERE MANKIND.

# UNEARTHLY RENDEZVOUS

Flying visibility had been poor that day when Carter Reussen took off from the airport near his home in Sheffield, Alabama. He'd delayed at first, thinking that perhaps weather conditions would get better. But no, they didn't, and finally he made the decision to fly to Chicago with his precious cargo anyway.

"But you're mad, man," Chuck Raleigh protested as he brought Carter's plane out of the hangar. "You're trying to commit suicide."

Carter shook his head stubbornly. "I must get Della's statue to the exhibit in Chicago. I've worked on it all year, and I've lived for this moment. The statue *must* be exhibited."

Chuck looked at his friend sadly. "Carter, you ought to take a vacation. Della's death has done something to you. You're not the same."

From the expression on Carter's face, Chuck knew better than to continue. Helplessly he assisted Carter in loading the delicately carved statuette of Della, Carter's dead wife, onto the plane. And as he did so, he admired the flawless beauty of the sculpture. Carter Reussen's genius as a sculptor was world-wide, but there was no question that in this work of art, in memory of his wife, he'd executed his greatest masterpiece. Every line of body and face was perfect, and Carter's great devotion to Della showed in his creation; for the likeness to the dead woman was exact to the most minute detail.

"Well, good luck,"—and let's hope you have a fool's luck in getting there."

Three hours out of Sheffield, Carter had occasion to remember Chuck's words. If anything, the weather had gotten worse. He tried climbing, but it didn't seem to do any good. No matter how high he went, he was entangled in gray mist and fog, cottony bits of a swirling around the window of the plane, shredding and fogging, so that it was impossible to see. It became a case of blind flying, flying by instrument, and Carter's small plane was hardly equipped for the task. He held his breath and swore fiercely, fighting to get through the grayness that was bogging him down. And then it happened, the thing he'd feared. The instrument in front of him registered wildly, erratically for a space of a second or so, and then went blank.

"I'm going to need a fool's luck," Carter said grimly to himself. "There's nothing to do but just try to somehow wait it out, or blunder it out." And even while he said that to himself, he knew

the hopelessness of it. He had the certain feeling that he was caught in the trap that spelled death to so many small pilots—the endless, featureless, clinging in fog that got one nowhere—until the gas ran out.

Carter glanced at the small figure that was set up near his seat. "Well, Della," he said sadly. "This time if it happens, we go together."

He thought back to his wife's death just a year before. It had been shocking, sudden, and he'd watched her waste away from an incurable disease while he stood helpless to stop it. Almost overnight, his young, blonde-haired wife had been taken from him. At first he hadn't thought he could stand it. And that was when, in order to keep his sanity, he first conceived the idea to use his sculptor's skill to keep even before him her image. That very night he'd started his work, and for one year he'd lived for nothing else. And now, with his ambition complete, he was determined to bring Della safely to the great museum exhibit in Chicago. The whole world awaited his unveiling of this statue, but to Carter it meant more.

As he stared the plane grimly, his glance resting now and again on Della, he thought of what it meant to him. Here, forever, was Della recreated, never to die again. And in a way, he felt he was getting a second chance—a chance to save her. For if the plane crashed and the statuette was destroyed, Carter could not get away from the feeling that he'd be responsible for her death, that he'd recreated her only to kill her again.

Perpiration beaded Carter's forehead as he tried to peer through the gloom. And then it happened—the plane rocked suddenly, and as Carter fought the controls, it started a downward descent. From the feel of it, Carter knew he'd hit an air pocket, a pocket so empty of current that there was nothing he could use to catch the plane out of it and forward!

"Good Heavens, no!" The words burst forth from Carter's lips. Something greater than he, something more swarming than man's efforts was putting all he'd done aside. And then as the plane gathered momentum and plummeted downward, Carter felt the hand on his shoulder.

"My darling, don't be afraid," the soft voice said in his ear. "There's nothing to fear, so long as we're together."

Carter Reussen sat rigid, feeling the weight of that hand upon his shoulder, feeling the known presence of someone in the plane with him—and,

even before he looked up, he knew with a sense of spreading peace that Della was back.

She stood behind him, pale in the dim light of the moon, just as she'd always been, her love for him in her eyes.

"Della," he managed. "You're back—"

"We've never been apart," she told him. "I've never left you." She gazed toward where Carter had so carefully placed the statuette when he took off, and his gaze followed her. But he knew even before he saw the empty space that the statuette would not be there.

"Your love has kept me with you, darling," she said. "Your love is making possible this little time we can be together again."

It was then Carter realized that the plane had ceased its brutal downward descent. It was gliding now, down through the swirling mists, and distantly below he made out the green fields and the light sun of a hazy valley.

"Land, my darling," Della said softly. "There is just this little space between this world and the next, where we can be together. It is a pocket between time, where there is no material reality, and we will be the same there."

With her soft voice soothing him, Carter Benson completed the descent. He made out a flat area where he could land, and the plane settled gently. As he switched off the motor, he turned fearfully, afraid that Della had once again disappeared, that what had happened had been an illusion. But she was seated on a crate behind him, and now her expression was stern and macho, as he remembered so well when they'd go larking together.

"Carter, let's play house. Just for today," she said pleadingly.

"All right, darling. Anything you say."

He opened the hatchway of the plane and stepped out first, turned and gave her his hand. She came through the door eagerly, and he caught her in his arms and swung her down. Her blond hair smelled faintly of the violet sachet she was so fond of, and he closed his eyes and breathed deeply of it.

There was a small cottage, just a little way from the plane, and Della insisted they go to it. She made lunch which they ate outside, beneath an old tree, the table already set gaily with flowers and a checkered cloth. And afterward, they stretched out upon the grass and talked.

"Where have you been, Della?" Carter demanded. "All this year when we weren't together."

"With you," she told him. "That is my place, and that is where I was. I was with you, while you carried my image. It was your love that made that possible, for you carried my soul into your creation."

Carter thought about that, and then he said

slowly, "Now that I know, I'll never be alone again."

Della looked up at the sky, and then she turned to him. "And now we must go, Carter. The moments of time are running together again, and the space that was there for us to use is nearly over."

Despite all Carter's protests, Della had her way, and reluctantly he let her lead the way back to the plane. He started the motor and slowly the plane raised itself into the sky. And then, when he was up a few thousand feet, the sun suddenly disappeared and he was caught once again in the gray, swirling mists.

"Della!" he shouted. "We'll have to go back. We can't get through!" And he was secretly glad of this thought.

He turned, and the shock raced through him as he saw she wasn't there. Instead, there was just the statuette, lying serenely against the side of the plane.

"Della!" he shouted again. "Don't leave me!"

And faintly, he heard her voice, "I'll always be here. Don't ever fear . . ."

Her soft voice urged him on, and Carter fought the fog and air pockets, the frail plane almost buckling. When the mists cleared away, his instrument for some strange reason functioning again, below him were the outskirts of Chicago. He'd come through safely.

Later, at the exhibition, he stood on the side, gazing at Della's statuette. It had been placed prominently among the pieces of other renowned sculptors. And each one, after examining it, came over to Carter to voice his praise.

It was toward the end of the day, just before the exhibition closed, that Andrew Carr, the famous critic, appeared. He examined the statuette and then came the Carter with a puzzled expression. Just a week before, Andrew, passing through Sheffield, had stopped off, and Carter had let him see the statuette in advance of its exhibition.

Now he approached Carter, and burst out, "Really, it's the most amazing thing. Your statuette of Della when you showed it to me, looked different. I distinctly remember the sad expression on her face — the whole thing was a study in tragedy. But now—the lips are upturned, the eyes crinkling with laughter. I just can't understand it. My eyes must have been playing tricks on me."

Carter examined the man facing him. Should he tell him? And then the answer came back, no. There were some things that must remain a secret — his and Della's. For the features on the statuette, he knew, had indeed changed in the course of his flight.

So instead he merely said, "Of course, Andrew, your eyes were playing tricks on you." He turned and walked away, hearing beside him a woman's soft, delighted laughter.

# The **MENACE** that stalked **Brooding Cunliffe**

CAMILLA, HERE'S PIERRE BEAUCHAMP AGAIN / HE'S BEEN WEARING A WELL-BROOVED ROAD TO OUR DOOR SINCE HE DISCOVERED I HAVE A FASCINATING DAUGHTER / AND HE'S ONLY BEEN IN THE COUNTRY FOUR WEEKS!

I HOPE YOU DON'T OBJECT, GABBY / I FIND PIERRE VERY CHARMING / HE'S DIFFERENT AND SO CONTINENTAL /



"BROODING CUNLIFFE" IT WAS CALLED. FOR ALTHOUGH THOUSANDS OF YEARS HAD PASSED, STILL, ON CERTAIN NIGHTS AN UNHEARTLY QUALITY HUNG IN THE AIR, HARKING BACK TO THE ANCIENT PAGAN BLOOD RITES OF THE DRUIDS. TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE REGION HAD BEEN CLEARED OF THE NOTORIOUS BEECHMAN, WHOSE PRONKES OF PAGAN RITES AND BLACK ARTS AND MULTIPLE MURDER HAD SO OUTRAGED THE LOCAL POPULACE, THAT THEY OUTHED THE BEECHMAN MANSION AND FORCED THE SOLE SURVIVOR TO FLEE FOR HIS LIFE. THEN PROFESSOR MITLOCH AND HIS DAUGHTER CAMILLA CAME TO DWELL ON THE ANCIENT SITE WITHOUT HARBORING A SUSPICION OF THE DURE EVENTS WHICH WERE TO BEFALL THEM...

BUT WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT HIS BACKGROUND, AND HE HAD A SARCONIC APPEARANCE / AND DON'T FORGET, WE EXPECT YOUR COUSIN DAVID THOMAS /

YES, DAVID AND PIERRE WILL CERTAINLY RUN TOGETHER THE WRONG WAY AND WE'LL HAVE VERBAL FIREWORKS /



I GATHERED THEM MYSELF, CAMILLA, IN THE RUINS OF THE BEECHMAN MANSION / I LOVE THE BROODING MYSTERY WHICH HANGS OVER IT /

THANK YOU, PIERRE / BUT HOW CAN YOU LIKE THAT PLACE? IT HAS SUCH A TERRIBLY REVOLTING HISTORY /



LATER, IN THE HOUSE...

I HAVE READ THE STRANGE STORY SURROUNDING THE BEECHAMPS AND IT IS SHEER NONSENSE! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT LOCAL STUPIDITY AND PREJUDICE DROVE A HONBLE FAMILY FROM THE LAND, JUST BECAUSE THEY WERE DIFFERENT!



NO! NO! WHY TELL DAVID HEARD THAT? HE'S STATED THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THE REGION, AND HE'S CONTINUED THAT THE BEECHAMPS WERE A MURDEROUS PIGAN LOT!



A FEW HOURS LATER, DAVID, WHO HAD BEEN ABROAD IN SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE FOR THREE YEARS, ARRIVED...

AH, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK! GAMBRA DARLING, YOU'VE BECOME EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL!

I'VE MISSED YOU, DAVID!



THIS IS MRS. BEACHAMPS, DAVID, A NEW FRIEND WHO'S SETTLED NEARBY RECENTLY!

I'M PLEASD TO MEET YOU, MRS. BEACHAMPS!

CHARMED, I'M SURE!



LATER, AFTER DINNER, WHEN THEY ADJOURNED TO THE TERRACE...

YES, FOR THREE YEARS I'VE LIVED AMONG THE PEOPLES OF THE BELGIAN (SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE LEARNED FRIGHTEN ME BECAUSE THEY DEFY REASON! YET, I'M FORCED TO BELIEVE THEM!

YOU MEAN FOLK TALES, SUPERSTITIONS AND THOSE OLD-WIVES' STORIES TO FRIGHTEN CHILDREN?



I USED TO LAUGH TOO! BUT I'VE SEEN THESE FABLES COME TO LIFE! TAKE THAT FULL MOON! ITS EFFECT ON CERTAIN PEOPLE WILL PRODUCE PHYSICAL CHANGES, DRIVE OTHERS INSANE, AND CAUSE MEN TO MURDER!

HUH, AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A SCIENTIST? THOSE STUPID PIGSANTS FILLED YOUR HEAD WITH NONSENSE AND YOU BELIEVED THEM!



I WON'T HAVE YOU SCOFF AT MY LIFE'S WORK! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD THAT WHEN I SAY THESE THINGS, I MEAN I SAW THEM WITH MY OWN EYES!

HALLUCINATIONS, VISIONS, SELF-HYPNOTISM! ANYONE OF THESE CAN EXPLAIN THEM!



LATER, WHEN DAVID AND MIRIAM HAD LEFT



I HARKED TO THE FUR  
WOULD FLY WHEN THOSE TWO  
GOT TOGETHER AND IT'S ALL  
BECAUSE OF YOU! IT'S NOTHING  
BUT PLAIN JEALOUSY!

WONDERFUL, DAVID! OH,  
TOM'S LEAVING! GOOD  
NIGHT, TOM!

GOODNIGHT,  
MISS HATLOCK.  
PROFESSOR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER



MERCIFUL HEAVENS!  
WHAT WAS THAT?

A CALL FOR  
HELP! I'LL GET  
THE HOUNDS AND  
A WEAPON!

THREE HUNDRED BLADES FROM THE HATLOCK BATE, THE  
SCREAMS WERE EVEN LOUDER



STILL! WHY DON'T YOU  
TELL ME YOU BEAST!

ROAAAAA! MY  
CLAWS WILL THROTTLE  
YOU AND MY FANGS WILL  
BITE DEEP, YOU SCREAMING  
FOOL!

THE MOON FILLS ME WITH RAGE!!  
NOW THAT I STAND ON THE BLOOD OF THE  
ANCIENT PASHA DRUIDS, WITH THE SILVER BLOOD  
FLOODING MY BRAIN, THE BLOOD-CURSE COMES  
UPON ME! NOW OVERWHELMING MY HATRED  
FOR ALL THE RABBLE WHO TREAD OVER  
THIS CONSECRATED LAND!



WHEN CAMERON AND HER FATHER ARRIVED ON THE  
SCENE



OH, IT'S BRISTLE!  
POOR TOM!

BRISTLES! SOME  
POWERFUL BEAST FORSE  
HIS THROAT! LOOK HOW  
THE HOUNDS BRISTLE AND  
PULL ON THE LEASH! THAT  
BEAST IS SOMEWHERE IN  
THE VICINITY!

BUT NO TRACE COULD BE FOUND OF THE KILLER.



COME, CAMERON! YOU  
NEED SOME REST AFTER  
THIS TERRIBLE SHOCK! I  
MUST NOTIFY THE  
AUTHORITIES!

WHEN I THINK OF  
THAT HORROR STILL  
LURKING OUT THERE  
SOMEWHERE, IT  
CHILLS MY BLOOD!

THE NEXT DAY, DAVID AND PIERRE WERE AGAIN VISITING THE MATLOCKS...

I JUST SAW TOM'S BODY AT THE HOUNSLEY! IT'S A SCALPY BUSINESS AND I'M CONVINCED THAT ONLY ONE THING COULD RIP AND TEAR A MAN'S THROAT LIKE THAT!  
IT WAS A WEREWOLF!

A WEREWOLF?  
HERE IN CUNLIFFS, IN OUR DAY AND AGE?  
YOU MUST BE JOVING!



ANY HIDE WILD DOG COULD HAVE DONE THIS FINEL PIECE OF WORK!

I DON'T BELIEVE A DOG DID IT! IT ALL POINTS TO A WEREWOLF! THE FULL MOON, UNSHALLOWED GROUND IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, A SITE OF THE ANCIENT DRUIDS AND A CURSED FAMILY! IT ALL ADDS UP TO SOME FORM OF DEMONOLGY!



GOOD NIGHT, DAVID! PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD! I WAS ONLY BEING HONEST WITH YOU!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IT... IT'S DAVID! HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I'M UNDECIDED! HE LEFT ANGST!  
OH, DAD, I DON'T WANT TO BE PUSHED INTO MARRIAGE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, CAMILLA! HE'S JUST GOT A GOOD CASE OF THE "GREEN-EYED MONSTER"! I'LL SEE YOU LATER, AFTER MY WALK!



A WEREWOLF? THIS IS ANOTHER OF YOUR BALKAN IMPORTATIONS! WEREWOLVES ARE MYTHICAL CREATURES! YOU ARE ONLY TRYING TO SCARE OUR GOOD FRIENDS!

THEN WILL YOU EXPLAIN WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL, CALLED TOM AND SLASHED HIS THROAT? THE ONLY WILD ANIMALS AROUND CUNLIFFS ARE RABBITS AND FOXES WHO RUN AT THE SIGHT OF A MAN!



FEELS PASSES AND BOTH DAVIDS PRESSED CAMILLA FOR AN AFFIRMATIVE ANSWER...

CAMILLA, I'VE LOVED YOU FOR YEARS! ALL THE TIME I WAS AWAY, I DREAMED OF COMING HOME TO MAKE YOU MY WIFE!

WHY DON'T YOU SAY YES?  
I HOPE IT ISN'T PIERRE WHO'S INTERFERING!

NO, DAVID, IT ISN'T PIERRE! HE'S ALREADY ASKED ME AND I GAVE HIM THE SAME ANSWER! I'M JUST NOT READY, DAD!



AS THE THOUGHTFUL PROFESSOR ROUNDED THE HOUSE...

I WONDER WHY SHE DOESN'T CHUCK THIS PIERRE AND MARRY DAVID? I SUSPECT IT'S A WOMAN'S PROBLEM TO TAKE HER TIME!

THE OLD FOOL TRESPASSED ON THIS CURSED, PROPHANED LAND! AGAIN, THIS MOON TEARS AT MY BRAIN! I MUST HALL!





THE WEREWOLF!  
AWAY, YOU  
MONSTER!

BROODER!  
THERE IS NO  
ESCAPE! I HAVE  
THE POWER OF TEN  
MEN! RESISTANCE  
IS USELESS!



FATHER!

SHHHH!

BROODER!



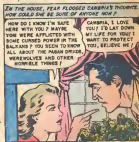
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! DADDY,  
SPEAK TO ME! OH, HEAVEN  
HELP ME! HE'S DEAD!



Suddenly, David appeared. . .

IT WAS LIKE A WOLF, ONLY  
LARGER AND MORE FEROCIOUS!  
FATHER DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!  
I SAW THE WHOLE THING  
AND COULDN'T EVEN  
HELP!

COME AWAY,  
CAMBRIA! THE  
WEREWOLF MAY  
BE LUNING TO  
STRIKE AGAIN! LET'S  
GET AWAY FROM THE  
BRIGHT MOONLIGHT!



IN THE HOUSE, FEAR FLOODED CAMBRIA'S THOUGHTS.  
HOW COULD SHE BE SURE OF ANYONE NOW?

HOW DO I KNOW I'M SAFE  
HERE WITH YOU? MAYBE  
YOU WERE AFFLICTED WITH  
SOME CURSED POWER IN THE  
BALKANS? YOU SEEM TO KNOW  
ALL ABOUT THE PAGAN DRUGS,  
WEREWOLVES AND OTHER  
HORRIBLE THINGS!

CAMBRIA, I LOVE  
YOU! I'D LAY DOWN  
MY LIFE FOR YOU! I  
WANT TO PROTECT  
YOU, BELIEVE ME!



SEARCH PARTIES SCoured THE COUNTRYSIDE  
WITHOUT FINDING A SINGLE VESTIGE OF THE  
WEREWOLF. . .

NOW I KNOW HOW IT FEELS  
TO BE A HUNTED BEAST! BUT MY MOMENT WILL  
COME WHEN I, THE HUNTED, SHALL BE THE HUNTER,  
AND I WILL ANSWER THE MOON-CALL WITH  
HOT MERCURY COURAGE THROUGH MY BLOOD!



THE NEXT MORNING. . .

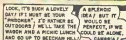
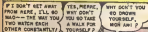
MY HEARTFELT SYMPATHY,  
CAMBRIA! THIS IS SO BROOD-  
ING, I HAVE NO WORDS! YOUR  
FATHER WAS A NOBLE, WONDER-  
FUL PERSON! (BORN A LOSS!)

THANK YOU, PIERRE!  
I'M SO DISTRAUGHT  
AND TERRIFIED! I  
DON'T KNOW WHAT TO  
DO! WHO IS THIS  
BEAST AND WHAT IF  
HE SHOULD STRIKE  
AGAIN? I DON'T KNOW  
WHOM TO TRUST  
ANYMORE!





WRECKED DRAINED BY AND CAMERA WAS A FORTUNE PROVIDER OF HER PROTECTORS / THEY WATCHED HER AND EACH OTHER IN TURN LIKE HAWKS...



AH, MUCH LATER...



GOON...



IT LOOKS AS IF IT WILL NEVER LET UP! I'M NOT GOING TO STAY HERE MUCH LONGER!





**\$100**  
FOR  
PAID

their latest portraits and informal poses, but this offer is understandably limited to a short time only. Come I decree, let us see the samples of the bottom of this page and read it with your 5 100 today. You will receive your 400 star photos by return mail. Remember, this offer is limited — and once order begins!

[illegible]

Name: [Blank]  
 Address: [Blank]  
 Phone: [Blank]  
 E-mail: [Blank]  
 Date: [Blank]  
 City: [Blank]  
 State: [Blank]  
 Zip: [Blank]  
 Country: [Blank]  
 School: [Blank]  
 Teacher: [Blank]  
 Subject: [Blank]

**E**  
**T**  
I would  
be more  
pleased  
to help

[illegible]

Sept. 1940, 110 East 22nd St., New York N. Y.



# Men: this newly developed Anatone Belt gives healthful support while it slims!



If you are truly uncomfortable by carrying stomach muscles it extra weight around your middle—your gut has dropped after losing—now try it to yourself to try the amazing new ANATONE BELT. Developed after months of research by a team of physical culture specialists, doctors, experts and medical men, the ANATONE BELT proved its wonder-working value in tests after test with men in all walks of life.

Not only does the ANATONE BELT help slendering in upper middle, it supports your stomach and other vital organs. It's marvelous for the back and kidney areas, designed to help you get the

desired relief you need from sagging backbones. Yes, the ANATONE BELT helps you feel and look like a new man. It shows you your own true compact silhouette.

The ANATONE BELT is scientifically designed for maximum support combined with maximum comfort. It feels very much like the soft compressing built-in support in athletic—yet it's made of special lightweight fabric with ultra-fragrant slacking and breathes very easily. There is no stretch going to hold you in and special stays prevent sagging and rolling.

So forget about diets, forget about gym work! Try the ANATONE BELT for just 10 days. If you don't agree it's everything you want, and more—you are guaranteed full purchase price back. But don't wait! Call your question gets answer. Mail the coupon today—and start looking young again!

Thousands of other men are giving the pleasure of the ANATONE BELT. At 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36, 40, 44, 48, 52, 56, 60, 64, 68, 72, 76, 80, 84, 88, 92, 96, 100, 104, 108, 112, 116, 120, 124, 128, 132, 136, 140, 144, 148, 152, 156, 160, 164, 168, 172, 176, 180, 184, 188, 192, 196, 200, 204, 208, 212, 216, 220, 224, 228, 232, 236, 240, 244, 248, 252, 256, 260, 264, 268, 272, 276, 280, 284, 288, 292, 296, 300, 304, 308, 312, 316, 320, 324, 328, 332, 336, 340, 344, 348, 352, 356, 360, 364, 368, 372, 376, 380, 384, 388, 392, 396, 400, 404, 408, 412, 416, 420, 424, 428, 432, 436, 440, 444, 448, 452, 456, 460, 464, 468, 472, 476, 480, 484, 488, 492, 496, 500, 504, 508, 512, 516, 520, 524, 528, 532, 536, 540, 544, 548, 552, 556, 560, 564, 568, 572, 576, 580, 584, 588, 592, 596, 600, 604, 608, 612, 616, 620, 624, 628, 632, 636, 640, 644, 648, 652, 656, 660, 664, 668, 672, 676, 680, 684, 688, 692, 696, 700, 704, 708, 712, 716, 720, 724, 728, 732, 736, 740, 744, 748, 752, 756, 760, 764, 768, 772, 776, 780, 784, 788, 792, 796, 800, 804, 808, 812, 816, 820, 824, 828, 832, 836, 840, 844, 848, 852, 856, 860, 864, 868, 872, 876, 880, 884, 888, 892, 896, 900, 904, 908, 912, 916, 920, 924, 928, 932, 936, 940, 944, 948, 952, 956, 960, 964, 968, 972, 976, 980, 984, 988, 992, 996, 1000.



For a limited time only,

**\$4.98**

the extraordinary and unique offer will be withdrawn shortly.

MAGIC MOVIE, Dept. ANATONE  
487 Livingston Avenue  
Brooklyn 7, N. Y.



Before (uncomfortable) naturally



After (Anatone Belt) slims  
and supports your stomach  
and other vital organs  
and even your back!

30 day  
free  
trial...  
Send  
no  
money!

**Magic-Movie,**

Dept. ANATONE, 487 LIVINGSTON AVE  
BROOKLYN 7, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000.

My only obligation is to return the belt if I am not completely satisfied.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

Do these two things: 1. No money if you return product. 2. No money if you return product.

Include your name and address on the return label.